

# BROCKVILLE PARISH MAGAZINE.

## TRINITY CHURCH.

RECTOR, - - REV. E. P. CRAWFORD, M.A.  
ASSISTANT, - REV. W. M. H. QUARTERMAINE.

### SERVICES :

HOLY COMMUNION.—12. m. on first and third Sunday of the month, and on all the Great Festivals. 8 a.m. on all other Sundays, and on Xmas day, Easter and Trinity.

HOLY BAPTISM.—at any Service.

MORNING PRAYER.—Every Sunday, 11 a.m.; Evening Prayer, 7 p.m.

Daily Services.—Evening Prayer, 5 p.m.; Wednesdays, 7:30 p.m.

### MEETINGS :

CHOIR PRACTICE.—Fridays, 8 p.m.

GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—Every Tuesday, 8 p.m.

WOMEN'S AUXILIARY TO MISSIONS.—Monday 7:30 p.m., and last Wednesday of the month, 7:30 p.m.

Childrens' Auxilary to Missions.—Saturday, 2:30.

### CHURCH OFFICERS :

CHURCH WARDENS.—Henry Torrance, John deCarle.

SIDESMEN.—Messrs. John Galbraith, H. McKay, Broderick, Wm. Young, White, John Young G. Empey, W. H. McConkey, T. Dennis and Judge Reynolds.

AUDITORS—G. A. McMullen, Chas. deCarle.

ORGANIST—Miss Griffin

SEXTON—J. Begley.

## ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

RECTOR, - - REV. F. L. STEPHENSON, M.A.

### SERVICES :

MORNING PRAYER—Every Sunday at 11 o'clock. a.m. Evening Service at 7 p.m. All seats free at Evening Services. Every Wednesday Evening in Sunday School-House at 7:30.

HOLY COMMUNION—Every Sunday after Morning Prayer.

HOLY BAPTISM.—At any service.

### MEETINGS :

YOUNG MEN'S LITERARY GUILD.—Adjourned until October next.

CHOIR PRACTICE.—In the Church, every Friday at 8 p.m.

### CHURCH OFFICERS :

CHURCH WARDENS.—Allan Turner Esq., W. Fred Jackson, M. D.

SIDESMEN.—R. Lipsett, H. T. Fitzsimmons, H. F. J. Jackson, H. Y. Farr, Henry Carre, W. A. Reid, Allan Turner, David Mansell, James Williams, A. W. Burt.

USHERS—Ford Mansell, Willis Chipman, I. N. Marshall.

Auditors—G. H. Weatherhead, A. W. Burt. Vestry Clerk—Ford Mansell. Organist—Miss Chaffey. Sexton—Jas. Clutterbuck.

DECEMBER.

# TRINITY CHURCH.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR MAGAZINE

Mrs. B. Bell to November, 1887.....	\$ 75
" De Carle to January, 1888.....	50
Miss Nicholl " ".....	50
Mrs. Beckingham " ".....	50
Mr. Geo. Easton " ".....	50
Dr. Henderson " ".....	50
Mr. G. W. Weatherhead, Jan. ".....	75
Mrs. Reunick " ".....	50
Miss Bessie Foster " ".....	50
Mr. Denn's " ".....	25
Mrs. Graham " ".....	50
Miss Fitzsimmons " ".....	50
" Harrison " ".....	25
Mrs. S. Connor " ".....	50
Mr. W. H. McCoukey " ".....	50
" H. T. Fitzsimmons " ".....	75
Mrs. Worthington " ".....	75
Mr. Jno. McMullen " ".....	75
Mrs. Carron " ".....	50
Mrs. D. Robertson " ".....	75

The Rector desires to give as full a financial account as he can of funds in his care. Subjoined therefore is a statement of the Poor Fund to date from Easter last, when he last presented a statement:—

1887.	
May 1st, balance on hand .....	\$ 1 23
Offerings of the Congregation.....	109 69
Tithes.....	7 90
Cash (Judge McDonald).....	6 00

	\$124 82
To 8 months allowances to pensioners at \$11....	\$ 88 00
Coal and wood for poor.....	11 00
Bedding ".....	1 00
Medicine ".....	40
Repairs of poor man's house .....	10 00
Sundry poor persons .....	12 77

	\$123 17
Dec. 15th, cash balance .....	1 65

	\$124 82
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## SUNDAY SCHOOL ACCOUNTS FOR 1887.

1886.	
Dec. 1st, balance on hand .....	\$ 2 76
Sunday School Collections for year .....	62 07
Subscriptions for Dawn of Day.....	72
Cash received for Picnic.....	38 30

	\$103 85
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## Expenditure.

25 copies Xmas Carols.....	\$ 1 03
Xmas Cards and Prizes .....	21 11
Dawn of Day for 1887.....	4 93
Reward Cards ".....	9 33
Additional Leaflets for 1887 .....	1 20
Catechisms and Class Books.....	7 85
Easter Cards and Design .....	9 16
Half Expense of Tuning Piano.....	2 00
Printing for Library.....	10 25
50 Bibles .....	10 00
Freight and Cartage on Books .....	1 10
Books for Library .....	8 28
Expenses of Picnic .....	30 70

	\$116 94
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The liabilities of the Sunday School are as follows:

To Rector of Trinity Church cash.....	\$ 13 09
Rowell & Hutcheson .....	54 00

	\$ 67 09
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It is hoped that the children's effort to raise funds by means of 5c cards will be liberally responded to, as besides this heavy liability of \$67 09 we need about \$20 to meet the immediate requirements of the school.

## ACCOUNTS OF PARISH MAGAZINE FOR 1887.

### Receipts.

Dec. 15, Cash Subscriptions to date.....	\$ 86 63
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### Expenditure.

Jan. 1st, balance due .....	\$ 54
To Printing Covers, Oct. 1886, to Dec. 1887, inclusive, at \$6 .....	90 00
To Inside of Magazine Canadian Missionary for 18 months .....	45 00
May 14th, To Bill Heads.....	2 25
Postage .....	31

	\$138 10
	86 63

Balance due Rev. E. P. Crawford .....	\$ 51 47
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There are arrears of subscriptions due amounting to \$52.25.

This will be the last issue of the Parish Magazine, as no one seems to care much about it, we suppose it is better that it should cease. We must again, for the last time, appeal to those who owe for their subscriptions, requesting them to send the amounts due to the Rev. E. P. Crawford as soon as possible. A few have overpaid, and it is intended, if possible, to repay them the balance, if those who owe will only pay up. But with accounts behind to the amount of upwards of \$50 it can scarcely be expected that the editor should put himself still further out of pocket. We publish a statement of accounts up to date showing the large amount due to the Rector of Trinity. Those in arrears will again receive notices.

## OFFERTORIES IN TRINITY FOR NOVEMBER

November 6—Morning .....	\$16 10
Evening .....	13 54

	\$ 29 64
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November 13—Morning.....	19 30
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Evening .....	16 19
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	35 49
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November 20—Morning .....	20 07
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Evening .....	16 41
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	36 48
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November 27—Envelopes .....	10 15
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Total .....	\$111 76
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## SPECIAL.

November 6—Offerings for Poor .....	\$ 4 28
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" Tithes .....	3 50
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" 13—Communion Alms.....	40
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" 17—Thanksgiving for Poor..	4 50
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" Tithes .....	50
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" 27—Communion Alms.....	89
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	14 07
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" Thank Offerings .....	5 75
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" 27—Offerings, Mission Fund .....	24 00
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" Tithes .....	5 00
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" 30—Collection for Missions..	2 02
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	\$ 50 84
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The Bible Class now numbers 63 members, the Communion Class 33 members.

The Rector of Trinity preached a memorial of the mission held last year in St. John's, Ottawa, on Sunday, December 11th



# THE CANADIAN MISSIONARY

AND "CHURCH AND HOME" MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 5.

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## OUR HERITAGE.

- 1st, The Holy Scriptures.
- 2nd, The Holy Sacraments.
- 3rd, The Historic Creeds.
- 4th, The Historic Ministry.
- 5th, The Historic Liturgy.
- 6th, The Christian Year.
- 7th, The Christian Nurture of Childhood.
- 8th, True Reverence for Sacred Things.

## AN OLD CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

On a Christmas Day, many years ago, when there was more forest than corn-land on the earth, a woodman was hastening to his home. The trees were bare of leaves, but snow was falling, and only one who knew the forest could have found his way in the gloom. This was a poor man, with rough hands, and coarse, home-spun clothing. Many a sad hour he had spent at his lonely toil in the wood. But on this particular day there is neither sadness nor look of poverty in his face. The joyful thought is in his heart "It is a half-holiday, and I am going to spend it, eating a Christmas dinner with my wife and my little ones."

As he made his way through the blinding snow he heard the moaning of some one in distress. He stopped. He followed the sound; and at the foot of a tree, shivering with cold and hunger, and all white with flakes of snow, he found a strayed child. The sight went to his heart. The innocent grief, the tears, the wet clothes, the pinched face, made the tears come into his own eyes. He thought of his own children sitting beside the warm log fire, and of the joy awaiting them that afternoon. His thoughts went back to the time when he was a child himself, and to the times without number when, like this child, he had lost

his way in this very wood. Then he imagined himself, or one of his children, in the place of the child before him. What would his wish be if he, or a child of his, were in this child's place? It was the work of a moment to think all this. In less time than I have taken to tell it he had lifted the child in his arms and was hastening on as before. And by-and-by he came to the little hut which was his home. The mother and children were peering out, through the half open door, for the first sight of him, and waiting to give him a Christmas welcome home. But the child was a surprise. What was this in father's arms, so pinched, so cold, so thinly clad? The story of finding him was told at once. And at once also mother and children welcomed the little stranger to their home. Very soon the wet clothes had given place to dry, and the warmest corner at the fireside was given up to him.

How happy they all were in that little hut that afternoon! Never had Christmas Day been more joyfully spent! The humble cottage seemed to grow larger. The fire burned more brightly than ever they had known. And when they gathered around the table and stood up, after the manner of the wood folk, to sing a Christmas carol by way of grace, it seemed that every child had learned to sing more sweetly than before. And the poor, pinched, thin-looking stranger sang louder and happier than they all, and with a voice that seemed to belong to heaven, it seemed so sweet.

Then they sat down to their Christmas dinner. Everything tasted sweet. The black bread seemed not so black as its wont. And in the mouth it tasted like wheaten bread. The children noticed, also, that the pinched look left the face of the little stranger; the very clothes seemed to change and brighten, and when he spoke it was like listening to an angel.

Not on all the earth that day was there a happier Christmas party. And when at last it was over, and the children had to go to bed, it some way did not surprise them that the strange child prayed for all in the house who had been so kind to him. Then he kissed them all round.

In the morning he was gone. But the black bread was changed to white bread. The brass money in the mother's pocket was changed to gold. Then the pious hearts in the humble Cottage knew that it was the Christ-Child Himself who had been their guest; but they did not know, they could not at once understand, that these things and the happy memory of his visit were the blessing with which he paid them for obeying the Golden Rule.

It is the heart not the weather that makes the holiday.—*Author of John Halifax, Gentleman.*

## CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 4.—2nd Sunday in Advent.  
 11.—3rd Sunday in Advent.  
 14 }  
 16 } —Ember days.  
 17 }  
 18.—4th Sunday in Advent.  
 21.—St. Thomas, Apostle and Martyr.  
 25.—Christmas Day.  
 26.—St. Stephen, the first Martyr.  
 27.—St. John, A. & M.  
 28.—Holy Innocent's Day.

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## Missionary.

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### A NEW LIFE.

Aguilakha, a popular and powerful chief amongst the North American Indians, had always been friendly to the missionaries themselves, but bitterly opposed to their religion, and one of the most vigorous supporters of heathenism. One morning his son came running to the mission buildings, weeping and crying that his father was dying on the mountain. Mr. McCullagh, the missionary, sent in search of him, and finding he was yet alive had him carried into the school-house, where he tended him night and day till he began slowly to recover. His first request was that branches might be set up around his bed, and pictures of Scripture subjects hung on them. He then begged that those around him would sing a hymn and pray for him, giving his reasons for so great a change in him as follows: "Death overtook me on the mountain; it struck me low while crawling to my hut on the stream. I remembered God. I besought Him. I said, 'Hold me up,' and He did. We found the hut, but I was dying. I sent my son to you. The men came and carried me here on their shoulders. 'I shall recover,' you say. Perhaps so; but Aguilakha is dead; he died on the mountain; with my own eyes I saw him die; his old life ended there. Henceforth my life shall be like a thing lent to me; He who lent it shall own it. Great has been his mercy to me; the heart of a child has come to me." Restored health and strength have not despised the child-like heart which came to Aguilakha; he and his family cleave to the household of faith.—*Church Missionary Gleaner*.

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### MONEY POURED INTO THE FONT.

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Bishop Parker, who succeeded the martyred Bishop Hannington in the east African mission, has opened the new church of St. Paul, Kisulutine. Some English missionaries and several hundred native Christians were present. The Rev. A. D. Shaw, in describing the service, says that the people not only brought corn and other produce as offerings, but also so much money that the bags and plates were too small to contain it, and so it was poured into the font, which was half-filled with coins. The collection amounted to 565

rupees. On the next day sixty-three candidates were confirmed in the church, and there were 150 communicants. Two days afterward, Bishop Parker started with the Rev. J. Blackburn for Mamboia by an entirely new route through a yet unknown country.

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### SELF-SUPPORTING MISSIONARIES.

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An account recently published of the great missionary anniversaries in England, mentions the fact that an increasing number of self-supporting men and women have offered themselves for the Church's work in foreign lands. The example which is thus set by those whom the Lord of the harvest has blessed with wealth is one which ought to be largely followed. More than once attention has been directed, in these columns, to the rapidly growing class of young men in this country, and especially in the older parts of it, whose inherited wealth and satisfied social ambitions leave them nothing to do. Unlike the "privileged classes" of England, to whom a vast diplomatic and colonial service is open, our wealthy and cultured youth too often find themselves without employment, and consequently drift into amusements or take on social characteristics that are well calculated to invite the contempt of more earnest men. To such of them, however, as really have in them the stuff out of which men can be made, and who are touched with genuine piety, a noble opportunity for manly enterprise and Christian effort is offered in the Church's missionary field. Hitherto, perhaps, such men have been content to give in a fitful or blind sort of way to the cause of missions. It is time that such should realize that the noblest gift that any man can give is himself, and that in the placing of himself without charge at the Church's service he is simply fulfilling the opportunity and discharging the responsibility which God has placed upon him in giving him wealth and culture. To the young man who is able to take this view a noble career is open both in foreign countries and in our own home field. Considered merely as a career, and without reference to higher and more enduring considerations, it is doubtful whether any life that such a young man could choose would yield so large a reward of satisfying content and peace in this world. Nor would it be at all necessary to such contentment and peace that he should take Orders and devote himself to the special duties of the Ministry. Though to do that would be the fulfilment of the highest ideal, yet those who might not be fitted for the Ministry could find enough to do as earnest lay-helpers in the mission field. The very spectacle of such a layman thus devoting himself to the highest of all ideal pursuits would be as inspiring and uplifting as it would be unusual in these days of selfish or sordid worldliness. And the good that he could do would be measured not merely or even mainly by his actual efficiency, but by the high-minded zeal which he would manifest in the very fact of his self-consecration to the service of his fellowmen and the glory of God.—*The Churchman*.



## THE NECESSITY OF ENTHUSIASM.

The Church must believe in the work, and accepting the great responsibility which her Master lays upon her, must send forth her children in the spirit of the old Spartan mothers who bade their sons farewell as they went forth to battle, telling them to return either bearing their shields or being borne upon them. She must have supreme confidence in the success of this great enterprise. Her missionary meetings should be convocations of great joy, her songs should be full of exultant hope and confidence, and her prayers should ascend unceasingly for the consummation so long hoped for, so distinctly promised, so faithfully assured, that all the earth shall be the Lord's. And the missionaries who go to these distant fields should go in the same spirit. They do not go to try an experiment, they do not dream of going in the spirit of adventure, like the tourist wandering in the ruins of antiquity, they do not go because they fail to find congenial employment at home, they do not go to spend a term of years that they may return again to an honourable rest at home, thus bringing their ripe experience and throwing away the very best years, perhaps, of their possible service; but they go to live and labor and die among the people to whom God sends them. They love the work which God gives them; they love the people among whom they dwell; they love the associations by which they are surrounded; they are full of hope and confidence; their songs are songs of victory; and while they live in the days of small things, they see their triumph from afar and bring it nigh by the power of a vivid faith which never for a moment fails them.

The value of such enthusiasm cannot be estimated too highly. It is easy to disparage it. It is easy to say its possessors are too sanguine, that they are rash and impetuous, short-sighted or otherwise, but the men who win upon moral battle fields are, in nine cases out of ten, men of this very kind. —*The Rev. J. M. Thoburn, M.D., D.D.*

—ARCHDEACON SHEARS sends from Durban, Natal, an account of some incidents in connection with the Mission to the Coolies from India. Among these people was an old man of great influence among his neighbors, and doing a good trade in his village as an Indian storekeeper. "My Indian schoolmaster told me that he was a Wesleyan; but everybody else asserted that he was a Mohammedan, and had erected a small mosque by the side of his store." After interviewing him, and finding that he was neither an idolater nor a Moslem, he was at last asked: "What is your God?" The questioner was thereupon conducted into the supposed mosque, and shown the central object there—a large *Ecce Homo* picture to which the Indian salaamed. The man's account of himself was a strange one. For eight years he had been convinced that Christ was the true God, so he had bought a picture of Him and put it up in his oratory and prayed, and burned incense before it. It appeared "that he was not making an idol of the picture, but using it simply as a representation of an un-

seen reality. He had, he said, worshipped Christ all these years, knowing hardly anything about Him, but supposing that some day He would send him more light. Here the Indian fatalism had kept him back; he had never said a word; he only waited." He described his marriage: "He and his wife went together into the oratory by themselves, and knelt before the picture, and called upon the God it represented to take notice that they took one another as man and wife. Then they came out and made a feast to the people." The pair have since been instructed, baptised and formally married. The so-called mosque has become a mission chapel, with a more intelligent style of worship. Two more Indian families have since been baptized, and this storekeeper is doing his best to win all around him to the truth.

## Church News.

### NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX.—*Immigrants Home.*—Through the indefatigable efforts of the Rector of St. George's, two houses have been secured near the Steamer's wharf and a comfortable home opened for the reception of immigrants.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Two churches have been opened since 1st September last, and another will probably be erected shortly. Several changes have taken place in the clerical circle during the last twelve months. The deaths of Archdeacon Read and Rev. Mr. Dyer are still green in the memory of our readers. The Rev. C. P. O'Meara recently left the Island to take charge of the parish of Petrolia, Canada West, and the Rev. A. Jones, late incumbent of Milton, has been appointed to a benefice in another diocese. An interesting ceremony took place on Monday evening, 31st October last, when the Rev. W. H. Simpson was inducted to the rectorship of Milton and Rustics. The clergy of the Island now are as follows:—Rev. T. B. Reagh, Rev. A. C. Jones, Rev. S. W. Jones, Rev. James Simpson, Rev. C. E. Mackenzie, Rev. H. Harper, Rev. W. H. Sampson, Rev. T. W. Johnson and Rev. C. F. Lowe. It is generally thought that the appointment of Archdeacon for the Island in the place of the Ven. F. A. Read will not be made, but that one or two rural deans will be all that we will require. For this office the names of the Rev. C. E. Mackenzie, Rev. T. B. Reagh and Rev. James Simpson have been suggested.

### QUEBEC.

LENNOXVILLE.—The Bishop's College Branch of the Church of England Temp. Society held a social in the Hall, on Monday, October 31st. This was well attended by students of the college, boys of the school, and a goodly number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighborhood. The invited speaker of the evening was the Rev. Dr. Alnatt; short addresses were delivered by Rev. G. Thornloe, M. A., and the Principal. Musical pieces were given

by Messrs. Lloyd, Watkins, R. Wright, Carson, and a college chorus, also by a school chorus conducted by W. Petry, M.A.; readings were given by Messrs. Murray, King and the Principal.

Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P. Q., has lately been favored with a course of lectures on the History of the American Church. The course consisted of five lectures, delivered at the request of the College Council, by the Rev. Joseph Hooper, M.A., of Newport, Vermont.

## ONTARIO.

STAFFORD.—The Lord bishop of Ontario confirmed 45 persons at St. Stephen's Church on Sunday, Oct. 30th, and there were over a hundred at the celebration of Holy Communion. So large a number have not been confirmed at one time before at Stafford, and the Bishop expressed his great satisfaction to the incumbent, the Rev. J. P. Smithe-man. His Lordship gave a very able and appropriate address to the confirmation candidates, and warned them to take care that their first communion was not their last. In the course of his remarks, Bishop Lewis stated that 19 out of every 20 christians are confirmed. Non-conformists often wish for the apostolic rite of confirmation, but then the next step after that is Episcopacy. When unable to answer an argument the bishop advised the young people to resort to their clergyman, because time after time every argument against the church has been quashed, and in these days when every second man you meet thinks himself a born theologian, christian modesty is much needed; but his lordship added, the witness of a holy life is worth more than a thousand controversies or ten thousand arguments. He therefore urged his hearers to let their light so shine before men that they may see their good works and glorify their Heavenly Father. This year Bishop Lewis finished an episcopate of a quarter of a century, and during that time has confirmed about 30,000 persons. He vividly remembers the first confirmation in this neighborhood, which was held by moonlight in a field opposite the little chapel at Lake Dore. The building could not hold all the people, and the confirmation was held at that late hour because the bishop's conveyance had broken down on the road. The whole scene was very weird.

The Synod of Ontario opened with celebration of Holy Communion in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, which was largely attended. The business session was taken up in the morning with routine business, except that a resolution of congratulation on his safe return and restored health was tendered to the bishop. In the course of his charge the bishop stated that in the 25 years of his occupancy of the see of Ontario, 170 names had been added to its clergy-list, 156 churches had been built, 61 parsonages acquired, and 24,239 persons confirmed, the large majority of whom had become communicants. The report of the Mission Board was highly satisfactory.

## TORONTO.

The Rev. John Langtry, M.A., has been appointed rural dean of Toronto and York Township.

PARKDALE.—*Parish of the Epiphany.*—Owing to the rapid increase of Church families in Parkdale, a recent division of the parish of St. Marks has been sanctioned by the Bishop of the diocese, and a new parish, called the parish of the Epiphany, erected out of the western portion of St. Mark's. Services have been commenced, the large hall in the Masonic building on Queen st. having been secured for the purpose.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION has also been set off as a new parish. This epidemic desire for new parishes needs watching and regulating. The Ruri-Decanal Chapter might well give it their careful consideration.

HONORS TO A CANADIAN CLERGYMAN.—The following card has been issued: University of Michigan, (Ann Arbor) Hobart Guild. The Baldwin lectures for 1887, by Professor William Clark, M. A., of Trinity College, Toronto, Canada. General subject, Witnesses to Christ. Lectures:—

Saturday, Nov. 19. No. 1.—Phases and failures of Unbelief.

Sunday, Nov. 20. No. 2.—Civilization and Christianity.

Saturday, Nov. 26. No. 3.—Personal culture and Religion.

Sunday, Nov. 27. No. 4.—The Unity of Christian Doctrine.

Saturday, Dec. 10. No. 5.—The insufficiency of Materialism.

Sunday, Dec. 11. No. 6.—The Pessimism of the Age.

Saturday, Dec. 17. No. 7.—The Resurrection of Jesus Christ—(1), Proofs of the Resurrection.

Sunday, Dec. 18. No. 8.—The Resurrection of Jesus Christ—(2), Theories invented to set aside the Proofs.

## HURON.

MITCHELL.—A new organ to cost \$1000, has been ordered by the vestry of Trinity Church, a chancel is shortly to be built, and the church to undergo other improvement.

LONDON.—The Rev. Canon Richardson, rector of the Memorial Church, has had the Methodist Church on the Hamilton Road thoroughly improved and fitted up for divine service. It was opened on All Saints' Day by his Lordship the Bishop, and it is to be known in future as All Saints' Mission Chapel. The services will be auxiliary to the Memorial and other Anglican Churches.

The Rev. H. D. Steele delivered a lecture in the Memorial Church school house on Monday evening, Nov. 7th, on the "Early British Church." His Lordship the Bishop of Huron presided. The attendance was very good, and the lecture not only interesting but profitable. A collection was



taken up in aid of the "W. & O. Fund" of the Diocese of Algoma.

The Chapter House congregation has commenced work in real earnest now. The foundation of the new Church is being laid, and the contracts for its completion let. If the weather keeps fine the building will be erected this fall. It is located on the south-western corner of the University grounds. Judging from the plan it will be a handsome building capable of seating upwards of 400 people.

GALT.—The Rev. John Ridley, rector of this parish, has taken a most decided stand in the Diocese, concerning 'Christian giving,' and in this respect is following the noble example of Bishop Baldwin. The rector strongly condemns many of the present methods, and while upholding social gatherings and reunions—is opposed to such for the purpose of raising money for the church. He refuses to receive money by means of grab-bags, election-cakes, raffles, &c., &c., and seeks to elevate giving to its proper scriptural standard as an act of worship, by making the offertory the proper channel through which all in offerings to God should come. He advocates that whenever there is Divine service there can be an offertory, and that the frequency of such services affords ample opportunities for all such gatherings, viz.: for the poor, missions, Sunday-school, Church debts, and all parochial and diocesan work in general. So far his efforts and teaching are meeting with most encouraging success.

WARDSVILLE.—The first of a series of social gatherings was held by the English Church congregation an evening or two since in the Town Hall, which was completely filled. The Rector, Rev. W. J. Taylor, in opening the proceedings, referred to the pastoral of Bishop Baldwin, condemning all such things as lotteries, throwing of dice, &c., saying that every right-minded man and woman would re-echo the Bishop's words. He then quoted the Bishop of Manchester's words: "It is even more important to socialize Christianity than to Christianize socialism. This may be done by encouraging such sports as cricket and rowing, and by bringing young people together in social and literary gatherings, &c." After some time spent in conversation, a programme of much excellence was gone through, refreshments being served between the two parts. The singing of the children and the calisthenic exercises by them was a great treat, and evoked hearty applause. To Miss Howard and to Mrs. Taylor who trained them, much credit is due. The singing of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wi son, of Mrs. Taylor, and of Mr. B. Howes, was warmly received, as was the cornet playing of Mr. Johns.

LONDON.—Rev. T. W. Paterson delivered a lecture on Palestine at the Memorial Church School Room on Monday the 14th, to a fair-sized audience, and illustrated his subject by the magic lantern, in the course of which he recited many interesting descriptions of historical localities in the Holy Land, and described the sights as they appeared to him.

CORUNNA.—Bishop Baldwin reopened Christ's Church, Corunna, on Sunday last, Nov. 13th, and preached at both services, which were held at 11 o'clock a. m., and seven p. m. The evening congregation was immense, and the Bishop's sermon, which was particularly for young men, was one of his best efforts. In the afternoon the Bishop preached to a large congregation in Trinity Church, Mooretown. At the morning and afternoon services he spoke strongly regarding the "envelope system" of supporting the Church, and urged the people to adopt it. The Rev. Dr. Armstrong conducted the service.

#### ALGOMA.

HUNTSVILLE.—This mission was favored with a special visit from the Bishop of the Diocese on the 2nd ult., for the purpose of church and cemetery consecration.

The Bishop, attended by the Rev. Thos. Llwyd, incumbent of the mission, on Thursday, Nov. 3rd, at 10.30 a. m., consecrated the church of St. Michael and All Angel's, Allenville. Matins was then said, the bishop preaching an effective and appropriate sermon on "Worship," and celebrating the Holy Communion.

On Friday, the 4th, at 10.30 a. m., Ravenscliffe was visited. The churchyard was first consecrated for the burial of the christian dead, and then the church was duly set apart in solemn manner to the performances of the several offices of religious worship—by the name of St. John the Baptist.

Morning prayers followed with the celebration of the Holy Communion. The bishop addressing the congregation upon the subject of "The Church and its Sacredness."

The Bishop and clergyman with several of the members of the congregation, were afterwards hospitably entertained to dinner by Mrs. Lippen. At 3 p. m., on the return journey to Huntsville, the cemetery of five acres, pertaining to the congregation of All Saint's, Huntsville, was consecrated.

The day had turned out to be bitterly cold, but a goodly gathering of the membership from Huntsville was awaiting us. The solemn service of consecration of the cemetery was said by bishop and people, alternately, and the burial lesson read by the missionary, while the circuit of the whole ground was made inside the fence. The Bishop then spoke a few suitable and impressive words, and closed with the Benediction.

On Sunday morning and evening the Bishop preached powerful sermons to large congregations in Huntsville. Subjects, morning: "The Uplifted Christ," John xii., 32. Evening: "The Use and Misuse of the Tongue," James i., 26.

In the afternoon an address on "Training" was given to teachers and scholars in the Sunday school.

PORT CARLING.—*Muskoka*.—His Lordship the Bishop, paid his annual visit to this station on the 30th and 31st of October. On Sunday morning he held service here and a Confirmation where two candidates were confirmed. In the afternoon he

went on to Port Sandfield, in Mr. Lome's steamer, *Lady of the Lake*, and preached there. In the evening he preached again in the church of St. James here. On Monday his Lordship went down to the church of the Holy Cross on Lake Muskoka, preached there and celebrated the Holy Communion. In the evening his Lordship held a vestry meeting, and then went to Rousseau.

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#### MACKENZIE RIVER.

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The bishop of McKenzie River recently ordained two sons of missionaries at Fort Simpson. It takes nine months' continuous travelling to reach Fort Simpson from Toronto. Of the four clergy added to the diocesan staff last year, one takes the place of Mr. Sim, whose death was caused by self-imposed want of food—his share of which he gave to the starving Esquimaux of his charge. Mrs. Canham, wife of the present missionary, is the first white woman to penetrate so far north; in the winter there are but four hours daylight.

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#### NEW WESTMINSTER.

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LYTTON.—The clergy of the Indian Mission met and welcomed the Bishop of the diocese at Lytton on the 13th October, on his arrival early that morning from the east. After matins and Holy Communion, in St. Paul's Church, at 7.30 and 8 a.m., his Lordship went to Mr. Baillie's hotel, where he confirmed Mr. Baillie, who is very sick, and A. B. Buie. At 10 a.m. he held a confirmation at St. Paul's Church, when twenty-two Indians received the sacred rite. At evensong the same day his Lordship addressed the newly confirmed people a second time. On the 14th Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m. Before this service three more people received Confirmation. Later on his Lordship paid a visit to the small school lately started by the clergy in the Indian village, and then inspected the Indian's dwellings. By way of preparation the Indians had carefully cleaned the church, their houses, and the road through the village. His Lordship has lost no time in getting energetically to work.

NORTH BEND.—The new Indian Church School at this place is now finished and ready for use. It presents a very pretty appearance, standing on the Indian Reserve close to the line of railway, on the south side of North Bend station, and is a framed building, with gothic doors and windows, and a small bell tower, thirty-five feet high at the west end, supplied by Mrs. Garrett, of San. Francisco.

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#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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It is proposed to build at Freretown a church as a memorial to the late Bishop Hannington. No more fitting memorial of the Bishop could be devised.

A church for the Welsh-speaking population is to be built in St. Peter's parish, Carmarthen.

In the diocese of Durham a number of cultivated Churchwomen are taking official training under direction of Canon Body, that they may take up residences among the miners to teach, nurse, and in other ways help the pit-men and their families.

One of the inspectors of Church schools says: When the children are clearly taught the facts of the Bible, and the great doctrines of the faith are thoroughly expounded, there you will find the best children, there they will grow up as the young plants, and as the polished corners of the Temple.

It is stated as one of the many instances of true self-denial on the part of the late wife of the Bishop of Bedford, that during the great London mission of 1884 she left home and took up residence in a temporary home for fallen women, and that she might be able to give practical aid to the penitents.

London is to have another suffragan bishop. The Drapers' Company have been asked to allow the income of St. Michael's, Cornhill, to be set apart for the maintenance of a bishop—probably for Northeast London—in the same way that St. Andrew's Undershaft supports the Bishop of East London. To this the patrons acquiesced, and the Crown will appoint from a list of three names—two supplied by the Company and one by the Bishop of London.

The English Church papers contain long accounts of the opening of the Truro Cathedral. It is a magnificent building, and the service was imposing. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop, who, during an eloquent discourse, said that in granite rock, that would last through time, in height, in mystery, in light and color, and shadows invisible, the Cathedral symbolized and centered the calm strong force of the Kingdom of God beneath its roof, and among its pillars the forms of all these energies seemed to gather and move like angels. He who had caused that Church to rise to the worship of His glory, would provide the glorious worship as He had provided the building; the stainless child of free gifts, not one coin wrung from superstition or oppression, yet rich in the countless bronze of the poor, as in the gold and ornament and furniture of the rich and of the faithful women.

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### Home Reading.

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#### THE WORD "CHRISTMAS."

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The origin of the word Christmas is instructive. It is composed of two words Christ and Mass. Mass is one of the many names for a celebration of the Blessed Sacrament. Putting the word in our nomenclature, it would be Christ-Celebration or Christ's Celebration. The very name of the day itself shows what should be the prominent service of its commemoration—the Holy Eucharist. And so it has always been from time immemorial. It is not called Christ. Morning Prayer, but Christ-Mass, or Celebration, or Holy Eucharist.



## GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH FRANTZ.

A loving mother, young and fair,  
A father, proud and brave,  
Knelt by a little bed in prayer,  
Imploring God to save.  
Their little one, their only child!  
It breathed such piteous moans,  
The parent's grief grew almost wild,  
Their prayers were piercing groans.

A minister drew near to say,  
"The Master's will be done!  
For grace and strength now let us pray,  
To yield to God your son."  
The prayer was o'er, the amen low,  
Whispered in solemn tone,  
When hark! a voice that none did know  
Responded with a groan!

The amen! was repeated o'er,  
So earnest, loud and deep!  
Startled, they looked, and through the door  
A figure strange did creep.  
It was a woman, weird and bent,  
With hair as white as snow!  
Her face was plowed by many a dent,  
Her step was very slow.

Within the middle of the room  
She paused and straightened up,  
And in a voice of deepest gloom  
She said, "I've drank my cup!"  
She held a stick in one hard hand,  
To help support her form,  
But still rocked back and forth to stand,  
And swayed the other arm.

The babe upon the little bed  
Still piteously did wail;  
She pointed there, and shook her head,  
And asked to tell her tale.  
Silent were all those people then;  
Silent, perhaps, through fear;  
They did not offer her a chair,  
But could do naught but hear.

So she began with trembling tongue:  
"I was as fair as you,  
So long ago, when I was young;  
I was a mother, too.  
I had one bright-eyed little boy,  
The idol of my heart,  
His father's fondest pride and joy,  
To both life's sweetest part.

"When Jemmy was but two years old,  
His father went away,  
And came back home with cough and cold,  
And grew sick from that day."  
A moment then she seemed to choke,  
With sobs she could not hide,  
And when at last again she spoke  
She only said, "he died."

She paused a little, then went on:  
"Soon after that my child  
Took sick - my darling, only son!  
And I the hours beguiled  
With songs or any way I could,  
Not scared at first, at all;  
But med'cine failed to do him good;  
For water e'er he'd call.

"The days went by, the fever's heat  
Confused his little brain;  
Then what strange words he would repeat!  
And moan and groan, in pain.  
I had been hopeful all the while,  
With peace enough to cry,  
With strength enough on him to smile,  
When he unclosed his eye.

"But when the doctors gave him up  
My stubborn heart grew wild,  
I dashed aside the bitter cup,  
And cried, 'Oh save my child!'  
At last his restless moanings hushed;  
My darling Jemmy slept;  
My bleeding, breaking heart was crushed,  
But still I prayed and wept.

"I begged the God of pow'r to spare  
My darling little son,  
But never, in my raving prayer,  
Saying, 'Thy will be done!'  
I said, 'Oh God! you *must!* you *must!*  
Let little Jemmy live!  
And dared the Maker of the dust  
The last death-blow to give.

"So like a demon in its wrath  
My grief was in my soul;  
Such grief, o'er which no mortal hath  
The power of control.  
I prayed, I wept, I cursed, I swore,  
In accents fierce and wild,  
And vowed that I would live no more  
Without my darling child.

"Oh, God! I know that Thou wert just  
In answering my prayer!  
He woke at last—my sleeping dust—  
No spark of reason there.  
He opened wide his soft blue eyes,  
From which the soul seemed fled,  
And when I talked, made no replies;  
I wished that he were dead.

"He ate and slept, and slowly came  
To health, and finely grew,  
But never once did lisp my name—  
He ne'er his mother knew.  
No gleam of intellect e'er shone  
Within his rosy face;  
His thoughtless eyes kept gazing on,  
Moving from place to place.

"He grew, and walked from room to room  
In such a shambling way,  
Oh, how I wished him in the tomb,  
For many, oh, many a day.  
*Thirty long years* have passed and gone,  
Still this is my employ—  
As days, and weeks, and months roll on,  
To watch my idiot boy.

"But lady, I am humble now,  
And gently watch my son;  
And every night I meekly bow  
And say, 'Thy will be done.'  
She glided out as she came in,  
And said good-bye to none;  
But all who heard the tale of sin  
Breathed low, "Thy will be done."

And when at dawn the angel came  
And bore the soul away,  
The mother called her babe by name,  
And kissed the cold, cold clay.

She wept, she felt the bitter sting—  
 Her mother-heart was stirred ;  
 But not a breath of murmuring  
 From her sweet lips was heard.

The darling little babe was dead,  
 Its crown already won ;  
 The father and the mother said,  
 " Oh ! God Thy will be done."

## ONLY A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

I was walking one day in Paris in the long road, or avenue rather, which is called the "Champs Elysees." It is very wide indeed, and bordered on both sides by beautiful trees, among which in the summer are to be seen quantities of well-dressed people walking about or seated, and enjoying the lively scene around them. Children by the score are there too—richly dressed and playing all sorts of games, attended by their governesses or nurses, and all this, joined to the constantly passing brilliant carriages, makes eyes unaccustomed to the sparkle and glare soon get weary. Even I, used to Paris and its ways as I was, felt tired of the whirl and rush, and I thought to myself I would turn out of the wide thoroughfare and make my way home by some quieter side street.

I was standing at the edge of the pavement with this intention, waiting to cross, till there should come a safe moment, when I caught sight of a little group not far from me, and I could not help watching what was going on, with interest. A flower cart was drawn up at the side of the road. Though it was scarcely yet full summer, there was a good display of flowers, and many of those passing stopped to buy. Among these were an old gentleman and a little boy. One could see without being told that they were grandfather and grandson. The child said a word or two to the gentleman, who let go his hand and walked on slowly. The little boy waited patiently for a minute or two, till those before him round the cart had been served, and then he came forward and made some inquiry of the flower woman. I could not hear what he said, but he was no doubt asking what he could have for his money, for once or twice a shade of disappointment crossed his bright face, and he looked doubtfully at something he held in his hand, which I afterwards saw must have been his few coins. I felt so sorry for him that if I had not been afraid of giving offence, I would have offered him the little sum he was evidently short of, but after half starting forward to do so, I drew back again. The boy, although simply, almost poorly clad, had too much the air of a gentleman, and so had the grandfather, whose stooping figure I still perceived slowly walking on in front. At last the boy, after peering all over the flower cart, caught sight of a little nest of violets—sweet-scented violets—in one corner, which had been almost hidden by the larger and more brilliant plants. His face lighted up joyfully, as he pointed them out to the flower woman, and she in turn smiled and nodded pleasantly. Poor thing, she

could not afford to lower her prices, but the working classes of France have great sympathy with small means and the economy they oblige, and I could see that she was glad for her little customer not to be altogether disappointed of his purchase.

She chose carefully the prettiest and freshest of the violet bunches, wrapped an extra leaf or two round the stalks to keep them cool, and handing the little bouquet to the boy, smilingly received from him the coppers till now held tightly clasped in his hand.

And with all the brightness back in his face again, the little fellow bounded forward to rejoin his grandfather, as light-hearted and light-footed as a young chamois.

I crossed the road and walked on. The little incident had interested and pleased me. I could not help wondering for whom the flowers were intended—a sick mother or grandmother perhaps. The child was not improbably an orphan, seeing that he was in care of a grand-parent. And I went on picturing to myself the simple, thrifty home to which the pair were by this time wending their way, little thinking that I should ever see either of them again.

I was by now in one of the handsome side streets, running parallel with the great avenue. It was quieter here ; there were fewer carriages or foot passengers, so that on the wide road even a small group was plainly seen, and happening to glance backwards, I saw a sad little procession making its way slowly along. Two men, dressed in black were carrying a little coffin—no heavy burden it was plain—yet heavy was the sorrow of the two mourners following close behind. It was but the funeral of a tiny child, a baby or scarce more than a baby, to judge by the size of the coffin, the "only one" of the poor father and mother alone in their grief, who walked behind. They were of the very poor class of Paris working people, though decently clad, as is almost always the case in France, but too poor to have got mourning for themselves, even for the funeral of their child. The woman, it is true had a black skirt, but over it she wore, perhaps to conceal its shabbiness, a clean checked cotton apron, and the poor father had no attempt at mourning, except a little baud of rusty black fastened round the left sleeve of the blue working blouse. They were both weeping, the mother openly, her poor eyes swollen and red as if with many hours of tears, the husband trying to keep calm, as he from time to time wiped his weather beaten cheeks with his sleeve. Their poverty was shown in another way ; there was not a single flower, much less a wreath or cross, on the little black draped coffin—so sad, so piteously desolate a funeral it has seldom been my lot to see in Paris. Yet poor as it was, it met with the outward marks of respect and sympathy which I often wish we could see in this country, for every head was uncovered as it passed on its sorrowful way. I stood still for an instant to watch it ; suddenly a small figure, rushing across the road, darting nimbly in front of a quickly advancing carriage, as if afraid of being too late,



caught my eyes. It was my little friend of the violets. There was no mistaking him and the grandfather's, it seemed to me, almost familiar figure, waiting and looking after the child from the other side of the road. What is the boy in such a hurry for? Ah—I see now, and my own eyes are not free from tears.

Breathless and eager he runs up to the poor little procession, with blushing face and gentle hands he lays on the tiny coffin his treasured violets—beautiful in themselves, doubly beautiful as the gift of a sweet and pitiful heart—and without waiting for the thanks ready to burst forth from the overladen hearts of the parents, hastens back again to his old grandfather, whose face I can distinguish lit up with a smile of tender approval.

"God bless him," the poor father murmurs. I am near enough to hear it; "God bless him," the weeping mother repeats.

"God bless him," I whisper to myself.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Mrs. Molesworth.*

#### A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

TO S. B. S.

'Tis Christmas night: the gusty gale without  
Bears back to me the children's farewell shout.  
The sports are ended, darkened stands the tree  
About whose glistening boughs they danced in glee.  
With heart content, I sit and muse a space  
Upon a dearly loved, but absent face.  
I trace the features in the firelight glow,  
The while without drifts down the eddying snow,  
In years gone by how many hearts leaped bright  
Around her radiant tree on Christmas night.  
That good grey head that crowned a youthful heart  
As girlhood's, fresh and free from worldly art.  
She led the sports that made her mansion ring  
With laugh and song as sweet as lark's on wing.  
Away, ye cynic crew, who frown on mirth,  
It is the sunshine of the winter hearth.  
Thrice blessed be he who bars the door to sin  
By making genial merriment within!

\* \* \* \* \*

The gust grows drearier. With the chilling blast  
Another merry Christmas night is past.

—*Kate Dooris Sharp.*

#### "GOD KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT."

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a frosty evening in December, a few days before Christmas, when two lads might have been seen wandering through the streets of a great city. Their day's work was done; and though the night was setting in cold and cheerless, there was no fire in their home grate to warm them. So they preferred to walk the streets till bedtime, rather than sit still and shiver in their room. There was certainly some attraction in those bustling streets, with the brilliantly lighted shops gayly decorated with Christmas presents of every imaginable shape and price.

Amongst the crowd of children who, with envious eyes had been gazing into these tempting windows, might have been seen our two boys; the younger, named Joe, was about ten years old; the elder, Bill, about sixteen. Very hungry they looked, and shabby too, as the gaslight showed to the worst advantage, the rags that clothed them. Joey was all eyes and ears as he stared into these shops, and listened to the praises of their contents. Bill was all ears certainly, but no "eyes;" for an accident had deprived him of both some years before. They gained a poor living by going around to ash-boxes, dust-bins, etc., and collecting and sorting every scrap that was saleable, the elder carrying a bag and the younger a hook.

The two boys had stood in silence a few minutes, each absorbed with his own thoughts, when the younger said with a sigh, "Why can't we have something nice at Christmas, like other people?"

"Where's the money to come from, Joe?" Then each relapsed into silence again.

Next morning they were early in making their usual rounds. Joe had just raked out some paper from a dust-bin near the garden gate of a comfortable looking suburban villa, when he suddenly exclaimed: "O Bill, here's a funny piece of paper! Isn't it strong, and doesn't it crackle? And there's figures on it!"

"Let me feel it, Joey," said the blind boy. Taking it in his fingers, he was not long in deciding that it was none other than a bank note. Before father and mother had been called away, and his sight had left him, the elder lad had known what a Bank of England note was like. "Read it, Joey," said Bill; and Joey, after a lot of trouble, made out the words "Five Pounds." "What's it worth, Bill?" "It's worth five gold sovereigns, Joey." "O Bill, what a find! Now we *will* have something nice! What shall we buy! Oh, what shall we buy?" The elder lad could hardly speak for emotion, but making an effort, slowly said: "This isn't ours. It must have got in that bin by mistake. We must take it up to the house, Joey." Poor Joe, he could not give up such a prize. He was too young when his mother died to remember her parting words to her boys, as, on her death-bed, she had committed them to the care of Him who had promised to be "Father to the fatherless." But the elder lad had never forgotten her words, and though there was now blindness outward there was inward sight.

"Bill, it's ours as much as anybody else's. You don't know who dropped it."

"Joey, lead me up to the door."

With a slow and rebellious step he obeyed. They knocked at the door. The servant came, and seeing their ragged clothes and hungry looks, closed the door without waiting for their inquiry, saying sharply, "Nothing to give."

Joey looked at the shut door, and then at the note, and said, "Now it *is* ours come away."

"Joey, I'll knock again;" and before the youngster could check him, he had brought the knocker down heavily once more. Soon the door was opened again, and this time the master of the house appeared.

"Why don't you go away? You've been told we've nothing to give. If you knew what I've just lost you wouldn't come here with your begging."

"What have you lost, sir?" said the blind lad, "perhaps we've found it." And he produced the note without further question. The gentleman was staggered; but hastily thanking the lads he hurried off to show the recovery of his note, and when he returned, the lads not liking to wait, had gone. Poor Bill had to listen to many reproaches as they went home; but his answer was simply, "Joey we've done right: God knows all about it, and perhaps He will send us something for Christmas."

Christmas Eve found the two lads at their daily business, sorting their collections from ash-box and dust-bin, and as they lay down in their one room that night, there was but little in hand to tide over the coming day. Joey had tried hard to believe that his brother's words might be realized, but now fairly gave up hope, and began to compare their lot with that of others. Next morning came a tap at their room door, and a message was brought that a man with a hamper was waiting for them at the door. Down went the boys to discover their unusual visitor.

"Here! are you the boys that found a bank-note a few days ago? Well this is for you then, and a nice job I've had to find you."

"What is it? Who is it from?"

"Never mind!" and the man was gone.

The hamper was soon carried upstairs; and you should have seen the amazement and delight of those two lads, as the younger, with excited exclamations, drew from underneath the straw a piece of bacon, and a large fowl, and a plum-pudding, all ready cooked, and some big apples to fill up the corners! Bill could scarcely speak a word for some time; but when he found his tongue he quietly said:—"Joey, God knows all about it, and He has sent us something nice for Christmas."—*Exchange.*

### BOB'S CONVERSION.

"Somehow, it seemed strange. I couldn't quite understand it all. The parson told me very little that wasn't an old story to me. Maybe it was his way of putting it. Maybe the strangeness had a deeper source, and one that I shall never fathom. But I know that, after leaving the church, I walked home with head three inches higher in the air, shoulders squared, and eyes fixed straight ahead of me, while my brain was trobbing and laboring with confused thoughts. It was strange, I can tell you. It flashed upon me somehow I had been 'converted,' as they say.

"Next morning how very different was my state! I was old Bob Stedman once more. The strangeness had passed away. I had, in fact, awakened from something like a dream. But all the incidents of the night before, including the belief in my own 'conversion,' crowded to my mind the first thing. But I hadn't time to think much about them. I was late for work and if I didn't look sharp I'd be locked out, and maybe sacked.

Out o' the house with a rush, and down the street, I forgot all about the mission, all about my conversion last night, all about religion and its duties.

"It was nothin' new, nothin' uncommon. I had always said so. Just a flare-up, and next day it's all forgotten. 'Conversion ain't for chaps like us,' I used to say, 'get us to church an' we'll promise anything you like;' but the force of habit is too strong, and ten to one a hard day's work will take all the religion out of any of us.

"At night I went to look at them bills about the 'London Mission, 1874,' the first thing, quite promiskus like—forgettin', by the way, to drop into the 'John Bull,' as usual. Then, when I got home, I remembered all about the mission, and thought it wouldn't be a bad thing to go again, because I'd nothin' else to do. So I washed and took Nellie (that's my wife) and the children with me. Once again I was glad I came, and when we got home that night I felt no strangeness. My head was again erect, my shoulders squared, new thoughts crowding on my brain; but I was Bob Stedman, plain Bob Stedman, with ten hours' work a-day to get thro', rent and taxes to pay, and a lot o' queer acquaintances about me. I *knew*, as before, that I was converted, but I had only just that night been told what conversion means.

"It means a *turning*, in this case, a turning of the heart to God. Some of us haven't much heart to turn. It's all chipped up into bits—and we set a bit on this extra glass of beer, a bit on that common and senseless oath, a bit on thoughts about bad women (you see I'm plain), a bit on selfish enjoyment, and other bits on other undeserving objects. Now conversion means just this: that you must begin *turning* these chips of your heart all one way, all to God;—one at a time, if you please—when the will is good you needn't be in a hurry—one at a time, so I've found out, until the whole heart is turned to God. It can't be done in a hurry, and it is never *wholly* done. A heart that has once been chipped up into bits always looks cracked, and we are constantly afraid of it falling to pieces."

"Well, well! It's wonderful how few are the habits which make a man what he is. Now, I haven't made a dozen changes in my daily conduct, but they make all the difference (that is, as far as other people are concerned) in life. First I knocked off that drop o' beer. Somehow you can't think straight with beer in your head. Everything followed that; for, you see, I did not cut my acquaintances so much as they cut me. Thus I was got out from among bad companions. Then I began to decorate my home, and the parson (who often comes round to see me) says I took the right way in building up faith—that is the constructive way, as he calls it, not the destructive—for there is nothing like getting the evils out of your head altogether, and putting other and better thoughts in. But I won't tell you any more. I wasn't called upon to tell you even this much. But I will tell you, and you can use it or not, just as you like, that conversion don't make so much difference between a man and his neighbors as it does between a man and his old self."



## AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

By the waters of life we sat together,  
Hand in hand, in the golden days  
Of the beautiful early summer weather  
When the skies were purple and the breath was  
praise ;

When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,  
And the birds kept tune to the songs that ran  
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,  
And the trees with voices Æolian.

By the river of life we walked together,  
I and my darling unafraid,  
And lighter than any linnet's feather,  
The burdens of being on us were laid.  
And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw  
Mantles of joy, outlasting time,  
And up from the rosy morrows grew  
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of life we strayed together,  
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,  
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather  
Swooned with the fragrance that they shed.  
And under the trees the angels walked,  
And up in the air a sense of wings  
Awed us tenderly while we talked  
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of life we strayed together,  
Watching the waving harvests grow,  
And under the benisons of the Father,  
Our hearts, like the lamb slipped to and fro ;  
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,  
'Broidered fairer the emerald banks,  
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes  
As the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us and what was round us,  
Neither I nor my darling guessed ;  
Only we knew that something crowned us  
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest ;  
Only we knew that something bright  
Lingered lovingly where we stood,  
Clothed in the incandescence light,  
Of something higher than humanhood.

Oh ! the riches love does inherit ;  
Ah ! the alchemy which doth change  
Dross of body and dregs of spirit  
Into sanctities rare and strange.  
My flesh is feeble and I am old,  
And my darling's beautiful hair is gray,  
But our elixir and precious gold  
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come upon us,  
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain ;  
But we have a secret which doth show us  
Wonderful rainbows in the rain ;  
And we hear the tread of the years go by,  
And the sun is setting behind the hills,  
But my darling does not fear to die,  
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,  
Dreaming the dreams of long ago :  
Then it was balmy summer weather,  
And now the valleys are laid in snow.  
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves,  
The wind blows cold—it is growing late ;  
Well, well, we have garnered all our sheaves,  
I and my darling—and we wait.

RICHARD REALF.

## CHRISTMAS DESECRATED.

But how is Christmas-tide desecrated ? Christians do this by failing to come to the festival with the Advent preparation, spending their time in the theatre, concert hall and bazar, leaving no time for the "Mission," which they dismiss to the more devout, while they take too low a view of Christmas itself. Yet the Church, the same authority which changed the Sabbathic observance from the seventh to the first day of the week, has decreed the devout observance of Christmas, and those who respect the Sunday decree, should not hold lightly by the other. I speak not of the exact day, but of the principle involved.

We should remember then, that Christmas is very unworthily kept when we make feasts in our houses and neglect the House of G.d, where Christ claims a "pure offering." The positive desecration, on the other hand, comes by the introduction of disorder. The suspension of labor is attended with risk and needs safeguards. It is so with Sunday, already in some quarters, a terror to the people. Holidays need to be hedged about with safeguards, or, instead of a blessing, they may become a curse. It would be unwise to ignore this. Even with respect to Christmas St. Bernard was obliged to speak in the twelfth century. In England many abuses sprang up, and the "Lord of Misrule" was in power from November until February ; while the "Abbott of "Unreason" was not abolished until 1555 ; Misrule has no Lord now, though it might be well if we had a Master of the Revels, say the chief of police. Under the head of disorder we might put the general giddiness, for at the holidays there are those who regard gluttony, drunkenness and sensuality, three of the Seven Deadly Sins, as subjects of jest ; though it is declared that those who do these things shall have no part in the Kingdom of God.

But while we allow and encourage all pure and innocent recreation, let us repudiate those games that are an offence against the modesty of true maidens, and rebuke those young men who assume a degree of liberty that would better befit a court fool. And, may I say it here, the increasing popularity of mistletoe bodes little good, since, with its wholesale importation, as now coming to be practiced, there follows a loss of maidenly delicacy and reserve—though it is a loss that we cannot afford in a state of society like ours, full of young men and young women, with passions inherited from long generations of over-indulgent ancestors, and intensified in accordance with the laws of heredity. Society will grow corrupt fast enough without the help of paganism and social rot engendered under the mistletoe.—*Dr. B. F. De Costa.*

EVER.—Ever is a little word, but of immense signification. A child may speak it, but neither man nor angel can fully understand it. It is a spring which fills as fast as it empties ; an unfathomable ocean ; a sea that can never be sailed over from shore to shore.

## CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,  
 And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,  
 As if the blushes of our faded roses  
 Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,  
 Dies the last gleam upon the lone hillside,  
 And in the stillness growing deep and holy,  
 Our Christmas guests come in this eventide.

They enter softly ; some with baby faces,  
 Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life ;  
 We bid them welcome to their vacant places  
 They won the peace, and never knew the strife,

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,  
 Their hands point backward to the paths they trod ;  
 Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,  
 And died upon the battle-field of God !

And some are here whose patient souls were riven  
 By our hard words and looks of cold disdain ;  
 Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,  
 Ye come to visit our dark world again !

But One there is more kind than any other,  
 Whose presence fills the silent house with light,  
 The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother,  
 Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou, Who, though born and cradled in a manger,  
 Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest ;  
 O best Beloved come not as a stranger,  
 But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas Guest.  
 —Good Words.

## ADVENT MEANS COMING.

It is the second coming of the Son of God that we have in our minds when we think or speak of his advent, and in order to mark the immeasurable importance of this most solemn subject, the Church sets apart a special season—of nearly four weeks duration before Christmas Day—for its particular consideration. During these weeks of Advent the Church calls her children to withdraw as much as possible from the pleasures of this world, in order that they may give more time to prayer, and to the contemplation of this and other kindred subjects ; and if we are faithful sons and daughters of our spiritual mother, we shall gladly avail ourselves year by year of this special opportunity to ponder on the awful thought of Judgment to come. But the subject is one which demands immediate consideration on your part, if you have not already weighed its terrific import. The subject may come to your notice at a time of the year when Advent is still far distant. Do not, for your soul's sake, say that you will postpone the matter until that season comes round again ! Let not a day pass until you have done all you know to commence a serious preparation for that sure and terrible Judgment which shall certainly one day overtake you in common with all mankind, for "we shall all stand before the Judgment-seat of Christ." Ask yourself candidly, "Am I ready to pass through this fierce ordeal ? To stand one amidst millions of souls, and, before them all, confess and be judged for every unrepented sin I

have committed ? Am I ready to face the frown of my outraged God, His face once radiant with mercy, now clouded over with just anger ; His eyes once beaming with compassionate love, now fixed on me with a piercing glance of inexorable justice, ready to pass upon me, if found guilty, the dread unalterable sentence—'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' Am I prepared for this ? Shall I be able to stand before the great white throne whereon sitteth the Judge of the earth ? Shall I have the courage to turn my head and gaze upon that mighty sea of faces, some indeed glowing with the light of innocence, reflected upon them by Him in whom they trusted, the Son of Righteousness, but others, yea, the vast majority, weeping and wailing at the thought of the mercy that they have rejected, the long threatened judgment which they despised ? Shall I be able to meet the fierce glance of the enemy of souls, Satan, the great 'accuser of his brethren,' who shall come forward to bear his terrible witness against his victims ? Shall I be able to gainsay his accusation, that I fell before his seductions, that I committed the sins to which he tempted me, that I did, alas ! delay—until too late—my repentance ? Shall I be able to meet the sadly solemn countenance of my guardian angel who shall likewise come forward and bear witness how he strove to protect me and keep me pure, and yet how, in spite of all, I fell ? Shall I be able to bear the angry uprising of my own burning conscience, which will bring vividly to my remembrance in that hour of terrible retribution every impure thought, every unkind word, every falsehood, every sin of which I have been guilty ? Oh, this terrible Judgment to come—how shall I meet it—'who shall stand when He appeareth.' "

Such may well be the train of thought passing through your mind in contemplation of the awful subject placed before you. It will be your own fault if yours is to be such a case as has been pictured. There is no reason why you should perish—except the reason of your own impenitence ! You may be saved if you choose ! The way is open ; the gates are not closed ; the arms of mercy are still outstretched ! If your repentance is sincere, your confession good, your future life consistent, you cannot avoid, but you may yet safely pass through, the ordeal of Judgment to come.—*The Church Calendar for 1886, Egerton & Co., N.Y.*

## A CHRISTMAS TALE.

It was the night before Christmas, and the stars shone brightly, more brightly it seemed than usual, in order that the twinkling lights of heaven might not be surpassed by the unusual brilliancy upon the earth. In palace and hut the Christmas torch was lighted, and hearts, as well as their dwelling places, were made brighter.

Through one of the lanes of Hamburg a little girl, about eleven years of age, was passing on her way home. The frock she wore and the thin dress were no protection, and the wind boisterous and cutting, jostled the delicate child roughly, though



not more roughly than an occasional passer-by, who, laden with bundles, hurried homeward. But the little maid was happy because in her hand was an eight shilling piece, bright and fresh from the mint, which she clasped tightly and now and then looked at it as she stopped before a lighted shop window. All day, in the service of a rich lady, she ran here and there, for this and that to grace the festival in the great house.

As she went slowly homeward, with the glistening silver in her hand, she thought of her poor mother, and the poor cheerless room that awaited her. Looking toward the bejewelled sky, she saw a falling star, and remembered that she had heard that if a wish was expressed at the moment when a star fell, the wish would be fulfilled. And when she looked again heavenward, another star shot in to space, and she cried as quickly as she could;—"Good luck and a blessing—good luck and a blessing for my poor mother!" when, presto, she ran against some one. As her eyes were turned upward she did not see the portly gentleman who stopped the way so suddenly, and who now stood before her and with some show of displeasure exclaimed, "Is this proper behaviour for the street?"

The gentleman had just come from his dinner at the hotel opposite. He was a bachelor and a good liver, and to-day his dinner had been prolonged, because it was Christmas-eve. "Why do you run so needlessly, and knock me in the stomach?" And he looked very angry, caught the child by the arm. She cried out with pain. She stammered an apology and said that she was looking at a falling star, and asked for a blessing for her poor mother.

"Nonsense! Superstition! Stuff!" exclaimed the gentleman. "A falling star!"

Then, recovered from the sudden meeting, and his good nature asserting itself, he looked curiously into the pale, yet beautiful face of the child. The moon at that moment appeared above the houses, and its light fell directly upon the two.

The childish face upturned to him, lighted by a half-frightened, half-pitying expression, held him, and aroused the remembrance of his own childhood and of the merry Christmas time in it. In every man's heart there is a place for love and sympathy; in some the growth is small, in others large, and in some there is only sterility. So with the gentleman suddenly stopped by the little girl. But as he looked into the troubled face, the little place or garden in his heart, heretofore barren, began to show signs of life, and soon the plant which we call sympathy, or charity, sprouted, grew, budded, and bloomed with marvellous rapidity.

"What is your name, little one, and where do you live?" he asked in a pleasant voice. She told him that her name was Susan, like her mother's, that her mother was a wash-woman and lived in an alley where the sun, even in mid-summer, never shone.

"Come!" said the stranger, "I will take you home, and if all is as you say, then, indeed, will the falling star have brought you what you wish—good luck and a blessing."

They went through the market place into a narrow street where the poor people live.

"Here it is," said the child, and running before, stood by a door on the lower floor. The stranger was obliged to stoop, and that he had never done before.

"Mother is within, and has a fire in the stove," exclaimed the child; "I can see it through the chinks."

The poor woman, who, like her daughter, during the day, had been employed in preparing rich people's houses for Christmas-eve, had arranged a surprise for her child. She sat upon a low stool before a little iron stove in which a fire burned briskly which gave her great pleasure, for a fire did not glow in the room as often as the good woman wished; and the little stove—it seemed to be a thing of life and sense, and to take pleasure in resuming its regular trade, namely, giving out heat and making its friends happy; and the poor really imagined that the little stove danced a little jig on its four legs.

On the rickety table was a very small fir tree, two apples, a few nuts, and a little wax candle—all for the little Susie, whom she knew would be delighted with the gifts, small and mean as they were.

As the stranger entered the room Susie's mother looked up astonished, arose, gazed wildly at the visitor for a moment, and then placed her hand before her face and wept bitterly.

And now it was the stranger's turn to be astonished. He looked again and again at the child and mother; the tears came; his hands trembled, and the words failed; but the corner of his heart—that little garden where sympathy, charity and love ought to be cultivated, but had been barren many years—became suddenly transformed. The place was fertile, but charity had never been planted there, and now the woman's tears, the discovery he had made warmed it into vigorous life.

Brother and sister! Since the sister's marriage, many years before, they had not seen each other. The brother had become rich, but the sister had lost everything; first her dowry, by her husband's debts, then the husband himself, and finally hope. The brother, displeased with the marriage, refused aid. "Why did she marry the worthless fellow!" he exclaimed, and then thought no more of them for many years—until he met little Susie, as we have pointed out.

"Susan," said the brother, "now we will forget the past. This is Christmas eve, and you shall go with me and remain with me," and he kissed his little niece.

"Let sorrow and care remain here. We will return to the old home where we played as children."

Then they left the poor dwelling, the sister upon his arm, and leading his niece by the hand, and to him, as to them, came greater happiness than he or they had ever experienced before.

And now, when the stars fall, and the silver rain illumines the sky, he invokes a blessing upon them. They brought him his long lost sister, a better heart, and a more enjoyable life.

## QUESTIONS FOR ADVENT.

BY MARAH.

When we go to meet the Master,  
When this world the spirit leaves,  
Will it be as faithful laborers,  
Bearing home our garnered sheaves ?

Will the Master bid us welcome ?  
Will He say to us, well done ?  
Are we using all our talents,  
Even though we have but one ?

Are we hiding in a napkin  
What the Lord would have us use ?  
Do we weakly shrink from duty ?  
Do we any gift abuse ?

Will the world be any better  
For the life that we live here ?  
Are we doing all our duty ?  
Serving God in love and fear ?

Do we strive to conquer error,  
Battling nobly for the right,  
Standing firm for Truth and Justice,  
Battling in the Saviour's might ?

Truly, these are solemn questions,  
Solemn must the answers be ;  
Advent is no time for dreaming,  
God has work for you and me.

## CHRISTMAS DAY AND FAMILY LIFE.

About the infancy and childhood of the Lord Jesus Christ the writers of the four gospels are almost silent. And yet it is true that he was once a child, and was subject to the authority of both Joseph and Mary. It is also true that even after he reached manhood he continued to walk for some years in the quiet paths of life. The moral perfections of God were translated into those unostentatious virtues which constitute the dignity and the happiness of a human home. Within the narrow limits of the family the Lord Jesus Christ revealed the glory of the divine righteousness and the divine love.

What was large enough for Christ during thirty years of his earthly history must surely be large enough for most of us. There are men and women who resent the mean and poor conditions under which they have to do the will of God, and who dream of what they might achieve if they had ampler space for their activities. They have not room enough, so they think, to be very good. They have it in their hearts to show a regal compassion to the miserable, and heroic chivalry and courage in the vindication of the oppressed. But for royal virtues they think that regal resources are necessary ; and they suppose that heroic circumstances are necessary for the manifestation of the heroic spirit. It may be well for them to remember on Christmas day that for thirty years Christ lived a divinely perfect life within the walls of a peasant's home, and that in the trade of a carpenter, and in his relation to his friends and neighbors in an obscure town among the hills of Galilee, he was able to show a glorious fidelity to the eternal laws of righteousness.

For all of us our life at home must constitute a great part of that life in which, by patient continuance in well-doing, we have to seek for glory, honor, and immortality ; for many of us it practically constitutes the whole. There are millions of women, millions of girls, to say nothing of little children, who have no life worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of the family. Whatever fidelity to God, whatever love for Christ, whatever justice, whatever kindness, generosity, and gentleness they are to illustrate in their spirit and conduct must be illustrated there. And even men who have their business and their profession to follow during the greater part of the day find occasion in their home-life for forms of well-doing and ill-doing that are not possible elsewhere. I like a broad and rich life for myself—full of varied interests ; and I should like to see the lives of most men, and of most women too, animated by the inspiration and refreshed by the free air of activities and interests outside their own home. But no shining achievements elsewhere can palliate the guilt of coldness, injustice, ill-temper in the family ; and the noblest public virtues have their roots in the gentleness, the industry, the self-sacrifice, and the truthfulness of which only those who are nearest to us have any knowledge.

And so on Christmas morning it will be well to ask ourselves whether the obscure duties which lie nearest to us—duties with which for thirty years Christ was perfectly content—are being faithfully discharged. Are there none at home to whom we could be more just, in whom we could repose a more generous confidence, whom we could cherish with a warmer affection, who claim from us a more patient forbearance ? If we are parents, is our authority exercised at once with firmness and consideration ? If children, do we yield a frank and cheerful obedience ? Whatever we are, do we find at home occasions for showing that sympathy with sorrow and with joy which heightens the happiness of the happy and almost charms away the grief of the sad ? What are the burdens which our strength might enable those nearest to us to bear more easily ? What are the anxieties which our thoughtfulness and care might diminish ?

On Christmas day, which is as much a festival of the family as a festival of the Church estrangements which have separated hearts that cling together notwithstanding estrangement should cease, and the ties which unite them should be drawn closer and firmer. It is the day of all the year for children to forget, if their parents have worried and vexed them ; for parents to forget, if their children have been undutiful and ungrateful ; for brothers and sisters to brush away the jealousies and resentment which have troubled their mutual confidence, and lessened, or rather repressed, their mutual affection ; for husbands and wives to renew the romance of their courtship. There may be faults to forgive ; of course there are ; but you will never come to an agreement if you try to estimate how much wrong there has been on one side and how much on the other. The



heart is a bad accountant ; it was never yet able to draw up a balance-sheet that any impartial auditor would sign. Let by-gones be by-gones ; kiss, and have done with them.—*Good Words*.

### THE OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

At the restoration service at the Church of St. Mary's, Chatham, Canon Self said : " The Norman and the Plantagenet, York and Lancaster, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian sovereigns, have all been prayed for on this actual spot." And again : " The Chatham Parish Church stood here three hundred years before the battle of Agincourt, four hundred years before the earliest dockyard, and four hundred and fifty years before the destruction of the Spanish Armada ; and parts of this building existed before there was any House of Commons." The memorial stone was laid by the Duke of Cambridge.

In England a piece of land was leased by the Church to the Crown for 997 years in the days of King Alfred. Recently it reverted to the Church of England as being the identical corporation that leased the land a millennium before ; and yet Romanists and Protestants assert that the Church of England began under Henry VIII. In another instance property recently left by will, in England, to the " Catholic Church," was appropriated by the courts to the Church of England, on the ground that if the Roman Church had been meant, it would have been styled the *Roman Catholic*.

### A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

" Unto us a child is born." The Son of Mary is the Son of Man. In the womb of mankind the Redeemer of the world is become incarnate by the Holy Ghost. Throbbing nature is attuned to the Hymnody of the Highest.

In Bethlehem of Judea was He born, the foretold of Ages, Heavenly scion of David's royal line. Half-a-dozen miles south of Jerusalem, situated on the crest of a long limestone hill, was the little straggling city dear to Israel as the birthplace of King David, dearer to the true Israel as the birthplace of a Greater than David.

How simple and natural the record ! A middle-aged man and his young reputed wife seek refuge in a caravanserai, and are accommodated with a Manger, or outhouse, and here during the night is the Child Jesus born " unto us." Augustus, perhaps, was supping with Mæcenas and Horace in Rome ; Herod in his palace-fortress of Macherns, only a few miles off across the Judean hills. The world sobbed around, in its fallen state, as the Sun rose above the Eastern Hills. But hark !—

What sudden blaze of song  
Spreads o'er the expanse of Heaven,  
In waves of light it thrills along,  
The angelic signal given,  
" Glory to God !" from yonder central fire  
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry choir.

Next day the name of the Child is inscribed in the census-role, among the children of the house of David.

" Unto us " " is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." The cardinal requirement of our flimsy, self-sufficient age is a more profound recognition of the fact of Incarnation. It is not an historical, but an ever-present fact ; not an incident of our redemption, but its source.

To all a merry, joyous Christmas of sweet communion and fellowship with mankind in Christ Jesus ; to all, the season's blessings in ever-flowing abundance. A MERRY CHRISTMAS !

### THE LITTLE COMFORTER

A little girl of ten discovered, through sympathy born of love, that one dear to her was suffering pain. Without one word by which to probe the gaping wound, she wrote the following lines, and gave them without comment. May Jesus ever bless her for her silent sympathy !

#### TRUST IN JESUS.

When the sky is cloudy,  
And seems to have no sun,  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
And say, " Thy will be done."

When the sun is long appearing,  
And darkness will appall,  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
Notwithstanding all.

When it seems thou art forgotten,  
Do not think on this,  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
And He will send you bliss.

Think of Him who gave  
His life to save from sin ;  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
For He on earth has been.

And when the clouds go away,  
And the sun shines bright at last,  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
And He will bring you past.

And when it all is over,  
He'll bring you to your home.  
Just trust in Jesus alway,  
Whatever else may come.

—*Tod in Parish Visitor.*

### A KIND DEED.

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe  
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow.

—*Canning.*

The late Duke of Portland was a nobleman who contrived to pass through life without much noise, but reaped happiness and respect in abundance, and, while gratifying his taste for rural occupation, conferred the most lasting benefits on the country. The following, among many stories, is told of him :—

" The duke found that one of his tenants, a small farmer, was falling, year after year, into arrears of rent. The steward wished to know what was to be done. The duke rode to the farm, saw that it was rapidly deteriorating, and the man, who was really an experienced and industrious farmer, totally un-

able to manage it, from poverty. In fact, all that was on the farm was not enough to pay the arrears. 'John,' said the duke, as the farmer came to meet him as he rode up to the house, 'I want to look over the farm a little.' As they went along, "Really," said he, "everything is in very bad case. This won't do. I see you are quite under it. All your stock and crops won't pay the rent in arrear. I will tell you what I must do: I must take the farm into my own hands; you shall look after it for me, and I will pay you your wages.' Of course there was no saying nay—the poor man bowed assent. Presently there came a reinforcement in stock, then loads of manure, at the proper time seed, and wood from the plantations for repairing gates and buildings. The duke rode over frequently. The man exerted himself, and seemed really quite relieved from a load of care by the change. Things speedily assumed a new aspect. The crops and stock flourished; fences and out-buildings were put into good order. In two or three rent days it was seen by the steward's books that the farm was making its way. The duke on his next visit said, 'Well, John, I think the farm does very well now. We will change again; you shall once more be tenant, and, as you now have your head fairly above water, I hope you will be able to keep it there.' The duke rode off at his usual rapid rate. The man stood in astonishment; but a happy fellow he was, when on applying to the steward, he found that he was actually re-entered as tenant to the farm, just as it stood in its restored condition; I will venture to say, however, that the duke himself was the happier man of the two."

He that doeth good enriches his own heart with unspeakable blessings—

Better a fountain in the heart  
Than a fountain by the way.

—Like soothing music the calm, steady words of our Lord come to us through the noises of our hurry and unrest: "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Ah, the great work goes steadily on! "He shall not fail nor be discouraged till He have set judgment on the earth."

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat.  
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels  
More safe than life when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.  
"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all His love fulfill—  
"Not as we will."

#### WHAT ' FATHER SAYS ' AND DOES.

If parents think that children do not notice closely everything they do, they make a serious mistake. Children see quickly and reason with marvelous exactness, and are not easily deceived. They are more likely to notice every little act of the father,

because he is not always at home, and what "father says" and what "father does" are the things they most wish to sav and do. No matter how dearly they may love their mother, it is undoubtedly true that children imitate the father more closely than they do the mother. So, therefore, the part a father bears in the training of children is a very, very important one, and he who shirks it, throwing it all on the shoulders of the already overburdened mother, will have a serious sin to answer for some day.

#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.  
No sound was heard of clashing wars—  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!  
The senator of haughty Rome  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,  
From lordly revel rolling home;  
Triumphal arches gleaming, swell  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;  
What wrecked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary boor;  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door  
Across his path. He passed—for naught  
Told what was going on within;  
How keen the stars, his only thought—  
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high  
Drowsed over common joys and cares;  
The earth was still—but knew not why;  
The world was listening—unawares.  
How calm a moment may precede  
One that shall thrill the world forever!  
To that still moment none would heed  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent night!  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness—charmed and holy now!  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given;  
For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

—Alfred Dometi.



# ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

This is the name given to the 25th of December. It is the day kept in commemoration of the fact that Christ became man—took man's nature in His Godhead. It is rightly a day of joy—pre-eminently a day of worship. But people too often degrade it into a season of mere eating and drinking. Women cannot on that day attend at the Lord's house because they have to stay at home to attend to the *dinner*. If Christmas Day comes on an ordinary week day it is held by some to be a grievance if the Church is opened for the Lord's service on the evening of that day. To the Christian the most delightful time he knows of is the time spent in the house of the Lord. Rightly are church festivals called feasts, not because they are feasts of eating and drinking, but feasts of spiritual communion with God—foretastes of that everlasting feast which they look for in Christ's kingdom.

Sabbath observance is at a very low ebb in Germany. Not only is Sunday regarded as a day of recreation by the great mass of the German people, but to very many it is a day of toil. The Prussian Government has been making investigations into this subject, and it has been found from returns from thirty out of thirty-five provinces containing 500,156 manufacturing establishments and 1,582,591 workmen that 57.75 or considerably more than one-half of the factories were kept at work on Sunday. Although the factories were running, the greater number of the workmen, 919,564, rested on that day. In 29 out of the 35 provinces of 147,318 establishments of trade and transportation, employing 245,061 persons, 77 per cent. were open on Sunday, and 57 per cent. of the employees were kept at work by law on Sunday, and petitions were circulated praying the legislature to enact such a law. In the great factories 13 per cent. of the employers and 18 per cent. of the workmen signed the petition, and of the smaller industries 18 per cent. of the employers and 21 per cent. of the employed were in favor of total prohibition of Sunday work. In trade 41 per cent. of the employers and in transportation only 12 per cent. of the employers and 16 per cent. of the employed were in favor of an entire cessation from labor on the Sabbath Day. These figures show that the belief in the obligation to observe Sunday as a day of rest is not very general among the German people. Are not things fast tending in the same direction in Canada? The railways are worked on Sundays the same as on week days. The employees have no Sunday. What must be the inevitable result? Why that these men will cease to be Christians. We are told that the necessities of modern commerce requires this. In like manner it used to be the stock argument in the

Southern States that the necessities of business required slavery. The inevitable result of the present Sunday desecration by the railways will be that other industries will follow the example thus set. The day of rest was given by God to man for man's good. Man in his greed is refusing the gift. The employees are as much to blame as the employers. On other points the workmen through their associations can get their grievances redressed but have they ever made a grievance of Sunday labor? What are those rigid Sabbatarians doing who will not allow even harmless talking on the Lord's day? We have temperance associations which are able to make their voices heard in the halls of our legislatures, why cannot we have Sunday observance associations of as much influence? Men are voluntarily depriving themselves of a precious inheritance for which they will mourn when it is too late. But it is no wonder that the rest of the Lord's day is being taken from men. Primarily it was given for the public worship of God. But men did not all employ it for that purpose. They began to despise and neglect it. They worked so hard during the six days in the service of the world that they were too fatigued on Sunday to give a couple of hours to the service of God. Some men indeed took a dislike to worship altogether. They would go to hear a preacher who could interest them and that was their idea of worship. The *preaching* ceasing to interest they ceased to go.

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Strange that Germany should become the leader of Sunday desecration, Germany the theatre of Luther's reformation, the fount and home of Protestantism, the champion of the right of *private judgment* in the interpretation of Holy Scriptures.

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Two of the most prominent men in New York, the one the president of a great bank, the other a renowned lawyer, were walking home together one afternoon, and happened to pass one of the public schools just as the day's session had ended, and a noisy horde of boys was turned loose upon the streets. "What a lot of little ruffians!" remarked the bank president. "Yes," replied his friend, "but they will take our places when we are gone." "That is true," was the rejoinder, "I wonder how often we think of the example we are setting them." Both remarks were full of meaning, and yet how little attention seems to be paid to the lesson they convey. The usual thing among men of affairs is to treat the boys as though they were a distinct genus which would never be anything but boys, and consequently require not so very different treatment from what might be suitable for pet bears for instance, while as to weighing the possible effects of their example upon them such a thing rarely or never enters into their serious consideration. To the women and the teachers is relegated the task of developing the boys into men, and yet if the result be not altogether satisfactory the fathers wonder why their sons do not promise to be like them.

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